

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 49—No. 33.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY.—Operas in English.—Sir Julius Benedict's "LILY OF KILLARNEY." Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Janet Haydon, Mrs. Aynsley Cooke, Mrs. Sharpe, Messrs. George Perren, Cotte, Bentley, T. Distin, Hillier, Connell, &c. Full orchestra and chorus. Conductor, Mr. MANN. The opera produced under the direction of Mr. George Perren.
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The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE on Monday, the 18th September, and will terminate on Saturday, the 16th December.

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By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Bank, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

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MDLLE. TIETJENS. MDME. CORA DE WILHORST. MDME. PATEY. MISS H. R. HARRISON. MISS MARTELL. MR. VERNON RIGBY. MR. E. LLOYD. MR. BENTHAM. MR. LEWIS THOMAS. MR. BRANDON. SIGNOR FOLI.

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WEDNESDAY—At 11.30—"ELIJAH"—MENDELSSOHN.

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19, College Green, Gloucester.

BALFE STATUE FUND.
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THE COMMITTEE, representing the Proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, has, with the consent of the lessee, Mr. Chatterton, accepted a proposal, made by the friends of the late Mr. Balfe, to place in the Vestibule of the National Theatre a Statue of our eminent Composer. To those who desire to do this honour to his memory, an invitation is addressed to join a subscription already commenced.

ACTING COMMITTEE.

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Sims REEVES.
Dr. WYLD.

C. L. GRUNERT.
EDWARD COLEMAN,
CHARLES KEELE.

THOMAS CHAPPELL.
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The celebrated Basso from the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, America; his first visit to this Country.

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Applications for engagement of the above Party to be addressed to Mr. JOHN WOOD, 201, Regent Street, W., and all information respecting Dates, Programmes, &c.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will shortly sing, "THE LOVER AND THE STAR," a new ballad, (Words by Dr. J. E. CARPENTER), composed expressly for her by GUGLIELMO, composer of the "Lover and the Bird."

MR. A. BYRON will sing GUGLIELMO's new ballad, "THE WORLD OF DREAMS" (Words by Dr. J. E. CARPENTER), at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, on Tuesday, 22nd inst.

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Drooping mother, weep no more,
Upward look and see
Her whom thou mournest evermore,
Keeping watch o'er thee.

Grieve not at the will divine,
Humbly strive to bow;
Though bereft, do not repine,
Thy child's an angel now.

Lonely mother, all is well,
The lost, the young, the fair,
Lives now where the happy dwell—
Would'st call thy child from there?

Ever gone to peaceful rest,
A halo round her brow,
Earthly cares touch not her breast—
Thy child's an angel now.

"The pathetic character of the verses here set to music can be inferred from the title; and it will suffice to say that Mr. Howell has adapted to them a very sweet and appropriate melody, simply accompanied, and not only allowing, but inviting, all the expression of which a singer is capable. Such a ballad can easily be made heart-touching."

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The Words by ARTHUR CLYDE.

The Music by **HENRIETTE**.

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Only when twilight creeps,
My sad heart weeps and weeps,
In anguish that ne'er sleeps—
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,
Guarding his weal the while,
A sweet life without guile—
"This might have been!"

Save that relent/less spite
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,
That I scorned to set right—
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late
Writhing in chains of fate,
He mourns disconsolate—
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,
So our life's battle 's won,
Crushing, each morning sun—
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,
Waiting for weary night,
Wail and cry by grief's right—
"What might have been!"

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A NATIONAL THEATRE.

A short paragraph in a previous week's dramatic gossip, might easily escape the attention of many of our readers. Its importance, however, as regards theatrical interests, is out of all proportion with its dimensions. It was to the effect that a committee had been formed for the purpose of taking steps to obtain a national theatre. Here, then, is answer to the cry we were, according to our belief, the first to raise, and here is proof, if such be needed, of the kind of response that will generally attend sustained advocacy of a worthy cause. A year ago nothing appeared much more improbable than the establishment of a committee of the kind. Circumstances, however, have worked on the side of those who laboured for the reform of our stage. The presence in England of a body of actors that showed the perfect organization to be obtained by the kind of institution recommended for adoption was, undoubtedly, a potent instrument. Other things apart, too, the mere opportunity of seeing good art makes bad art intolerable to people capable of forming a judgment. Voice after voice made itself heard on the question of the elevation of national taste and the formation of a school of the drama in England, and at length a decided step in the direction has been taken.

We do not wish to exaggerate the importance of what has been done. So far are we from being over sanguine as to results to be expected, that we now write more for the purpose of pointing out difficulties than of shouting a pean over conquests achieved. Concerning the committee itself, we are compelled to be silent. No worse or more offensive form of social indecency can be found than that in which our press now indulges of making public details of private arrangements, and of forcing a light of undesired publicity upon men engaged in private occupations. So soon as the committee allows its members to be known, we can occupy ourselves with the question of their fitness. At present, however, all that is known is that a committee is formed, and that a subvention of some sort is among the schemes set before it. In a time like the present, wherein the press is deluged with the compositions of clever, over-educated, half-hearted men, who represent faithfully enough the shallowness of the age producing the "People's William" and Mr. Ayrton, it is pretty certain a scheme of the kind proposed will meet with plenty of ridicule. A sneer is the easiest weapon to employ, but the thing that can be injured by a sneer is as weak as the man who employs such a means to combat serious purpose or effort. Not long since some one belonging to the insect tribe that infest the garments of literature, derided as obscure the illustrious men who attended the most successful of international courtesies. Such things are, as Hamlet says, "easy as lying." There is no body of men that cannot be called obscure or incompetent by the uncompromising or would-be funny opponent. There is, too, no purpose which may not be shown to be unworthy by those who despise all zeal and deride all earnestness. Discouragement, however, from these quarters is scarcely to be dreaded. Those who undertake and carry through any movement whatever require to be case-hardened against the bite of the envious man and the sting of the witling.

The difficulty we would guard against is that of over-sanguineness and over-expectation. The stage does not very easily reach or recover from a position such as it now occupies. Many years of sinking and degradation are required to land it in the pool in which it now flounders. To win it back to a position such as it once occupied will require years commensurate with those occupied in its fall. Such words as degradation would have no meaning, and moral lessons would have no point, if a man or body of men could recover in a moment from a course of wrong action. All wrong-doing perverts the nature, affects the appearance, and fixes upon the wrong-doer indelible signs of its presence. If a moral stoop were like a physical, and if the man could recover his erect position and walk straight as before, the measure of wrong could be calculated by the amount of injury inflicted. It is not so, however, and many a man has found that in the commission of an act apparently simple he has woven the first thread of the rope in which he will some day hang himself. Not by slow degrees, accordingly, does the public learn to applaud burlesque, and a long and painful process will be needed to bring it back to healthy taste. Not by a slow process, too, do actors learn to believe that there is only one person in the world capable of depicting an important character, and not easy is the manner in which that idea will be rooted out of the minds of a body of men. There are, accordingly, grim difficulties at the very outset of any attempted plan of reformation. We doubt, indeed, whether we have a single actor of position in England who would consent, for art's sake, to take a really subordinate position. There are many who will rest their refusal upon all sorts of wrong ground. Of themselves they are, they will assure you, ready to play anything, but the public or the manager will misunderstand them. The former, seeing them in an unimportant part, will refuse again to believe in them; the manager will proportion the payment to the importance of the character delineated. Remove these difficulties, others will arise, for the English actor thinks himself the best and only exponent in the world. Here is a

difficulty to face at the outset those who endeavour to obtain a superior order of performance.

To the future, however, and not to the immediate present, we look. We are quite hopeless of giving a good Shaksperian performance with the actors we now possess. These men have grown grey in notions they will not abandon. But the real purpose a national theatre must serve is, to our thinking, educational. We wish to see a school of young actors trained under conditions the very reverse of those now existent. A state of affairs long progressing towards the ruin of histrionic art has arrived at its final stage. No young actor now can get, if he desires, a training in his art. Take the case of the small theatre whereat the acting is of recognised excellence—the Prince of Wales's. A young actor of talent arrives from the country, and plays a part wherein great aptitude and taste are displayed. The play-going world speculates upon the advantages to be derived from his arrival, and begins to discount in a liberal spirit his future. Years go on, and the actor remains where he was. Half-a-dozen parts altogether are played in the course of as many years, and those parts all original, such that is that no comparison with previous actors can be established, and no scale of relative merit or position can be framed. A life-time of such work will not make an actor. In the course of the experience this young man has had, for there is little difficulty in seeing we allude to an individual and a well-known case, a whole round of well-known characters should be played. We could then ascertain the range of his style and talents, and hope, as we saw an enlarging experience, for results such as, under present circumstances, are assuredly not to be hoped.

Here is the one great good that we may expect as a result of the establishment of such a theatre as is aimed at. The performances, so far as the principal characters are concerned, might still be unsatisfactory. We own with sadness we are of those who do not hope to see a good performance of any Shaksperian masterpiece. *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Hamlet* will, we are persuaded, never be played before the present generation in a manner that will secure the favour of intellectual audiences and the approval of competent critics. But we may form a school of actors in subordinate parts, out of which subsequently *Macbeth* or *Lear* may develop. If this is regarded as too sanguine a hope, we may at least indulge in the expectation of providing young actors, who can wear swords and hair powder, who can deliver a few lines of verse, or pronounce satisfactorily a simple sentence. Within a few hours of writing the words now falling off the pen, we heard a known actor insisting upon his own study of "high art," and saw the wink or the laugh pass cruelly round among those whom his discourse edified. In France the pronunciation of the stage is the scholar's reference. Higher than all dictionaries stands the arbitrement of the Comédie Française. So should it be in England; so let it be, say those who mean to forward a national theatre.

Pecuniary matters are not edifying to the general public, upon whom it is needless, at any length, to inflict them. We would urge, however, upon all interested in the present scheme, that a small capital is worse than hopeless, and that the idea of making classical representations self-supporting is delusive. In France, even where the taste for theatres is as much in advance of that in England as is the average of the acting, classical performances do not pay. A quintupled subvention would be requisite to support the costs of the Théâtre Française, were the production of new plays discontinued. So long as a large portion of the education to be given consists of the performance of Shakespeare and Sheridan, a constant wear of loss must be anticipated. It is necessary, accordingly, to have a sum of money so large that after a portion of it has been expended on preliminary expenses, the remainder may be funded for purposes of income. Dribbles of money like 5,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* might be thrown into a scheme of this kind, and would be about as useful as if they were applied to the payment of the National Debt. The experiment should be essayed on a scale that affords every possible condition of success, and even then the difficulties attending it will be sufficient. It must prepare the mind for that government subvention which will come the moment the public is in earnest about it. Whether under the most favourable conditions with all the money it requires, with the support of the intelligent portion of the press, and the almost more valuable hostility of the debased portion, it will float through the rocks and sandbanks that impede its outset, is a question we are curious to hear answered. J. K.

STRASBURGH.—A Goethe Festival was celebrated here on the 7th inst. A century previous, the University conferred on the great poet the diploma of *Doctor utriusque Juris*.

MUNICH.—The Royal Operahouse re-opened on the 4th inst. The opera selected was Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. M^{me}. Mallinger sustained the part of the heroine, though she is no longer a permanent member of the company. Her voice has benefited greatly by her stay in the Bavarian Highlands, and no longer bears such evident traces of over-exertion. She is still, however, compelled to be careful, Herr Nachbaur was the Lohengrin.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

If the close of the Italian Opera season appears to challenge notice in the interest of the public and of art, we shall probably be warned at the outset, that the whole subject is a mystery best let alone by those who would avoid the penalties of rashness. The caution has force, no doubt; since it can hardly be denied that many operatic phenomena set calculation at defiance, and mock him who would explain. But we are not disposed, in this case, to "take the goods the gods provide us" with the submission due to fate. The public has a stake in the matter worthy alike of assertion and of conservation. To large and influential classes, opera is the chief amusement of half the year. On all hands there is a willingness to treat it with uncommon distinction; for its enjoyment enormous prices are cheerfully paid; and its good or evil fortune is a matter by no means in the lowest rank of importance. We have a right, therefore, to discuss the conduct of that which, although a private enterprise, is a public necessity, affecting, to a large extent, artistic and general interests. But, while approaching the subject in a critical mood, it would be unfair not to admit the spirit and liberality shown by our operatic managers. Single-handed they carry on a work which elsewhere needs the long purse and great prestige of the State. Nor is that all; as regards completeness of representation, they distance the subsidised establishments of the continent, and make London the operatic head-quarters of the world. These great results demand acknowledgment; but, as the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither do magnificent theatres, a splendid *mise-en-scène*, unequalled artist, and a long repertoire, necessarily bring incontrovertible success. All these things may be at a manager's command, yet the season may pass off unsatisfactorily to those who take the highest view of its requirements; and we fear that recent experience affords an illustration. Reviewed superficially, the season of 1871 wears a brilliant aspect. The muster-roll of Mr. Gye's troupe was something at which the foreign *impresario* would lift his hands and eyes in amazement; while the activity that produced some five-and-twenty works in four months can hardly be considered less remarkable. Yet, now that the season is over, murmurs of complaint are heard. The critics are dissatisfied; amateurs echo their disparaging remarks; and the general public, which cares only for amusement, has an uneasy feeling that mere amusement has received an undue share of attention. It may be well to see upon what basis all these grumblings rest.

Can the Opera be dissociated from Art? And, if it can, is the separation lawful? These two questions go to the very root of the matter; and, by way of propounding a clearly defined thesis, we answer the first in the affirmative, the second in the negative. With regard to the first point, careful observers do not require to be told that the tendency of all operatic management, when left to itself, is to disparage the claims of Art. So distinctly is this tendency recognised where subventions are in fashion, that securities are taken against it; and the *impresario* cannot, if he would, give the rein to his inclinations. Thus one advantage, at all events, arises from State aid and consequent State control—an advantage which, in this country, we do not, and probably never shall, enjoy. Unlike many of their Continental brethren, English managers are free men. They follow what is right in their own eyes, and may bend to the public humour, no matter how acute the angle of inclination. That they sometimes descend from a high standard is but a natural result; for the *impresario*, whom an idealist might picture as the missionary, and, at need, even the martyr of Art, is really a man of business. But while admitting thus much, it is impossible not to regret the consequences of a state of things by no means conducive to the highest interests of opera. Every one who looks beneath the superficial brilliancy of the season now ended will conclude that at the council table of management it must have been said, "Let us get together many famous artists; let our representations be called 'appearances'; and, for the rest, let it look to itself." Thus all interest was made to centre in the personality of distinguished performers, for whom well-worn operas were brought out repeatedly, and to suit whom work after work was put upon the stage at a rate which made a perfect musical *ensemble* absolutely impossible. This state of things obtained at Covent Garden; but Drury Lane supplied an even more noteworthy illustration. Everybody knows that, with Mademoiselle Tietjens at the head of a good working company, and Sir Michael Costa at the head of an admirable orchestra, Mademoiselle Marimon was really the be-all and end-all of the campaign; and when she could appear, it was considered quite enough to play *La Sonnambula* and *La Figlia* turn about. We can, however, imagine circumstances under which even such a state of matters would be both intelligible and unassailable. When, for example, the avowed purpose is an exhibition of personal charms or personal acquirements, no objection can be raised; nor is there much ground for complaint in the absence of pretensions to anything higher. But the managers of our lyric theatres close against themselves this possible haven of refuge, by offering ostentatious homage—in print—to the

claims of art. Year by year they engage to extend the public knowledge of operatic works, and to be instructors as well as entertainers; but year by year the self-incurred obligation is altogether evaded, or grudgingly discharged. Take the season of 1871 as a conspicuous example. Mr. Gye absolutely promised *La Donna del Lago*, *La Juive*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *Le Astuzie Femminili*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*; while Mr. Mapleson was not far behind in bidding us look for *Anna Bolena*, *L'Ombra*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Need we say what came of all these grand prospects? At Covent Garden, Cimarosa's little farce was played by a second-rate cast in the last few days of the season; and, in the last few days of the season also, *Anna Bolena* appeared on the boards of Drury Lane. We do not, of course, lay all the blame of non-performance at the managerial doors, so long as an indifferent public deserves its share; but we would suggest that the habit of exuberant promise had better cease. If our opera houses really exist for the sake of the artists who appear at them, let us all agree not to pretend any longer that they fulfil a higher mission. Thus will an end be put to a system which excites hope only to produce disappointment.

Not a word need be said in proof of the fact that opera, carried on with no consideration for art, is a spurious thing; but the question how to amend the practice opens a wide field of discussion. Here it becomes necessary to guard against the Utopian ideas of those radical reformers who, taking council of strong classical leanings, would force an entirely different system upon the public. When enthusiasts of this stamp can persuade Mr. Lowe to set down Italian opera for a handsome sum in the Estimates, they may hope to work out their theory; but not before. Practical minds will take things as they are, and try what can be done with existing materials; first of all recognising the cardinal truth, that our operatic establishments are just what our opera-going public makes them. It is of no use—nay, it is positively unjust—to rail at managers for consulting the taste of their patrons. That, if the managers were so disposed, they could do more towards improving public taste, may be true; but when Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson points to the empty benches of a "revival" night, or to the unprofitable, if enthusiastic, house which welcomes a classic opera, it is hard to deny the cogency of the argument. The remedy, then, lies not with the managers, but with the public itself, and must be found in the ability to look at opera from a standpoint to that now generally occupied. There is no hope of such a result while a performance of *Don Giovanni*, for example, is spoken of as a "Patti night," or the title of *Le Nozze di Figaro* appears in smaller letters than the name of Madame Lucca. Under any circumstances, a great artist enjoys honour, and nobody desires to subtract from it one iota; but in proportion to the greatness of the artist must be his knowledge that he is a means to an end, not the end itself. Precisely this fact—neither more nor less—is what we wish to have established as a guiding principle. Looking at the apparently slow progress of real musical taste, some may bid us absolutely despair of such a consummation. But without yielding to optimism, we indulge a belief that in society there is sufficient love of good music to work a mighty change, if permitted to exercise its legitimate influence. With the submission of Englishmen to that which is, the operatic public accepts, year after year, a system of management based upon the theory that the singer is greater than the song, and the composer second to his exponents. Even while submitting, however, not a few chafe under the yoke, and need all their reverence for custom to put up with repetitions of *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, and other old acquaintances, as a substitute for things of greater worth which never get a hearing. Let these genuine amateurs speak out in protest, and there would be little difficulty with the liberal *impresario*, who is naturally ready to follow the preponderance of opinion, provided he clearly sees which way it tends. In a recent "Communication to my Friends," after a bitter sneer at those operas which become a "diverting entertainment" only through an interest more or less purely personal, Richard Wagner observes:—

"The production of old and, as they are called, classical works, is never an act proceeding from the convictions of the theatrical managers, but only the result of a laborious demand of our æsthetic criticism."

[This is absolute truth; the lovers of art must decide whether truth it shall remain.]

Fines for Music.

—this Caesar represents, not reigns,
And is no despot, though twice absolute.
This Head has all the people for a heart;
This purple is lined with the democracy.—
Now let him see to it! for a rent within
Would leave irreparable rags without.

To Arthur Sullivan, Esq.

A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

By RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 510.)

Such was my plot, rapidly conceived and sketched out. Scarcely had I written it down, when I had no rest before I settled the detailed plot of *Lohengrin*. I did so during the same short stay at the watering-place, despite my physician's warnings not to trouble myself then about such matters. It must have been a peculiar state of things which drove me back so quickly from my short excursion into the domain of cheerfulness to the yearningly serious mood causing me to busy myself so passionately with *Lohengrin*. It is at present clear to me why the fit of high spirits, which sought satisfaction in the conception of *The Master-Singers*, could not really last. It then found utterance only in irony, and, as such, was related rather to the mere formally artistic element of my tendencies and being, than to the pith of the latter, rooted in life itself.—The only form of the Cheerful intelligible to, and, therefore, at all effective with, our public, is, immediately a real purport is to be manifested in it, irony. It attacks the form of what is contrary to nature in our public matters, and is in so far effective, because form, being that which is sensually immediately perceptible, is more evident and more intelligible than aught else to every one, while its import is precisely that which is uncomprehended; that in which we are unconsciously caught; and that from which we are always unwillingly forced back for utterance to form, which we ourselves ridicule. Thus irony itself is the form of cheerfulness in which, by its true purport and being, that quality can never openly break through to a clear utterance peculiar to itself as an actual vital force. The pith of what constitutes our unnatural generality and publicity, must be left untouched by irony, and is thus not assailable by the power of cheerfulness in its purest and most peculiar mode of manifestation; it is so only by that power which displays itself as opposition to an element of life thwarting by its pressure the pure manifestation of cheerfulness. Thus, when we feel this pressure, we are urged, by the primitive force of cheerfulness, and in order to regain this force in its purity, to an expression of opposition, which, as regards modern life, can be manifested only as yearning, and finally as revolt, that is, consequently, manifested only in tragic traits.

My nature immediately re-acted in me against the imperfect attempt to relieve myself by irony from the purport of the force of my impulse towards cheerfulness, and I must now regard the attempt as the last utterance of the pleasure-seeking longing which wished to be reconciled to the surroundings of triviality, and from which I had, in *Tannhäuser*, already torn myself with painful energy.

If it is now plain to me from the inmost depths of my frame of mind at the time, why I turned from this attempt, and flung myself with such passionateness into the configuration of the *Lohengrin* materials; it is also apparent, from the peculiarity of the subject itself, why I found that more especially so irresistibly and engrossingly captivating. It was not merely the remembrance that this subject had first come under my notice in conjunction with *Tannhäuser*; least of all was it prudent economy, as it were, which prevailed on me, not to allow the stores I had collected to be wasted; that, in this respect, I was rather prodigal is evident from the account of my artistic labours. On the contrary, I must here testify that, on my first becoming acquainted with *Lohengrin* in connection with *Tannhäuser*, the subject moved me, it is true, but in no way so as at once to prompt me to reserve it for working up subsequently. It was not only because I was then full of *Tannhäuser*, but because the form in which *Lohengrin* came under my notice produced an almost disagreeable impression on my feelings that I did not then scan it more attentively. The poem, written in the Middle Ages, presented Lohengrin as a dark mysterious being, inspiring in me distrust, and that repugnance which one feels at the sight of the carved and painted saints, by the road side, and in the churches, of Roman Catholic countries. It was not till the immediate impression produced by the perusal of the story had been effaced that the form of Lohengrin rose up frequently, and with increasing attractiveness, before my soul, this attractiveness being nourished from without principally by my becoming acquainted with the

Lohengrin myth in its simpler features, and, at the same time, in its deeper significance as a poem, strictly speaking, of the people, and as it appeared after the investigations of modern saga-lore. When I thus saw in it a noble poem of ardent human longing, the roots of which are by no means situated only in the Christian propensity to the Supernatural, but in genuine human nature generally, I grew more and more intimate with the figure before me, while the impulse, for the sake of manifesting my own inward longing to appropriate it, grew stronger and stronger, so that, at the time of my finishing *Tannhäuser*, it had become a violently urgent necessity, imperiously forbidding every attempt to escape from its power.

Lohengrin, again, is not a poem sprung merely from a Christian point of view. It is an old, old human one; it is generally an utter error of our superficial mode of looking at things, for us to consider the specifically Christian view of anything as at all primitively creative in its characters. Not one of the most distinctive and most moving Christian myths belonged primitively and originally to the spirit of Christianity as we commonly understand it; Christianity received them all from the purely human views of previous ages, and merely modelled them according to its own especial peculiarity. So to purify them from the contradictory nature of this influence, that we might recognise in them the purely human and eternal poem, was the task of the modern investigator, a task which necessarily the poet had to finish.

Just as the fundamental feature in the mythos of *The Flying Dutchman* points to a plainly earlier personage in the Grecian Ulysses, and just as this Ulysses, in the act of extricating himself from the arms of Calypso, in his flight from the blandishments of Circe, and in his longing for the wife of his home, a wife married according to earthly rites, expressed the fundamental traits recognisable by the Hellenic mind of a yearning which we meet again indescribably enhanced, and with its purport enriched, in *Tannhäuser*, we find in the Greek mythos, certainly not the oldest form in which it appeared, the fundamental trait of the *Lohengrin* myth. Who does not know the story of Jupiter and Semele? The God loves a mere woman, and, in consequence of this love, approaches her himself in human form; she learns that she does not know her lover in his reality, and, impelled by the true ardour of love, demands that he shall manifest himself to her in the full material form of his being. Jupiter knows that he must escape her, that the sight of him as he really is must annihilate her; he suffers under this consciousness, under the obligation of fulfilling the loving girl's request at the price of her destruction; he executes his own death-warrant when the brilliancy of his divine exterior, fatal to mere mortals, annihilates his beloved. Did priestly deceit, think you, invent this mythos? What folly, out of the politically religious, caste-like selfish employment of the most noble human yearning to wish to find a key to the figuration and the real import of pictures, springing from a notion which really first made man man!

No God imagined the meeting of Jupiter and Semele, but man in his most utterly human longing. Who taught man that a God burned with amorous desire for a daughter of earth? Most certainly none but man himself, who, however high the object of his own desire may soar above the limits of the Earthly, to which he is accustomed, can impress upon it only the characteristics of his purely human nature. Out of the highest spheres to which he may raise himself by the power of his yearning, he can again desire only the Purely Human, and covet the enjoyment of his own nature as something more desirable than aught else in existence.

(To be continued.)

VIENNA.—The Imperial Operahouse was re-opened with Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Mdme. Dustmann especially distinguishing herself as Elsa.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cocoa, a very thin evening beverage.

ON SOME THEATRES.

(From the "Morning Advertiser.")

Invention is never at a standstill, and descriptive terms are always forthcoming for any refreshing novelty in the art world. The stage shares the blessing in common with other institutions, and some particular word, or combination of words, is invariably at hand to record any marked change in the taste or feeling of the play-going community. Of late a new definition has been applied to theatres in which it is understood the female form will be displayed to the fullest extent, allowed by that elastic code of regulations, the Chamberlain's law, and so far beyond the bounds of decency as the public may desire.

The term "leg theatres," freely used in reference to establishments where the "beauty unadorned" theory is put into practice for the edification of the British public, is delightfully pertinent in its application. It fits as closely as the pearl silk hose of a theatrical Venus; and as an illustrative phrase, it is forcible in the extreme. Nothing could be more suggestive; and if the language were ransacked from beginning to end, the triumph of matter over mind could not be more faithfully described than it is in these two words. It might be said that in cultivating the gross and sensual, to the complete exclusion of the intellectual, we are forfeiting our character for decency. That is our affair; and if we, as a community, prefer roundness of form to elegance of diction, we take the responsibility upon our own shoulders, and defy the censure of the virtuous. At present we are inclined to regale ourselves upon lines of physical beauty, and plenty of them, as undisguised as possible. Lines of literary charm, "spoken with good accent and discretion," are not required, for we worship the material as represented in lovely woman, who stoops to no such folly as mock modesty. This is, doubtless, a mistake; but the true-born Briton is the very soul of candour, and the fact of his using the phrase "leg theatre" so unreservedly is a proof of his charmingly ingenuous nature.

These two words are not spoken furtively, as if unsuited to ears and mouths polite. They are passed round luncheon-bars innumerable, they echo from the walls of officers' quarters and lawyers' chambers, and they feebly trickle through the uncommonly small talk of sweldom, wherever that enlivening institution exists. "Leg theatre" is something more than a mere cant phrase. It represents a solace and a consolation to the choice spirits of the town. The general community, perhaps contemptuously, wishes this minority joy of it; but even that is received with equanimity, for there is a kind of taste as impervious to sarcasm as a duck's back to a shower of rain. "Let those laugh who lose; they're sure to laugh who win," is a homely saying, and is, in fact, the complacent cry of those transformed animals that sit round the half-clad Circe of the stage, and gloat over indecency in its most debasing form. As for the enchantress herself, she is not discomposd in the slightest degree, but rather enjoys the joke for which she is well paid. Circe is far better circumstanced than her humble sister, the artist's model, for her sittings, her sprawlings, and her attitudinising represent, in most cases, as much per night as the patient model earns in a week. Her audience, too, are more highly favoured than the poor artist; for whereas he is condemned to pay for the privilege of copying the arms of one, the shapely lower continuations of another, and the bust of a third, the playgoer sees all these beauties combined in one "frail house of clay." Better still, or perhaps worse for him in the long run, he may revel in this distempered "dream of fair women" for a very trifling consideration—eighteenpence or two shillings if he be a groundling, and six or seven if he can pay his way into the more select region of orchestra stalls. The "inexplicable dumb show" he will get to perfection, and mere "noise" will also be forthcoming; for our burlesque actresses are not too distinct in articulation, and as for their singing voices, they are frequently of the macaw quality.

All this is very well as far as it goes, but we might do worse than set about putting our houses in order, or we shall awake some fine morning and find ourselves infamous in the eyes of those who contend for decency, as one of the national characteristics. The annihilation of burlesques and extravaganzas may not be one of the blessings in the immediate future. "Ill weeds" that "grow apace" are an unconscionable time dying, but they do fade at last; and the more rank the growth the more welcome is the decay. The nymphs of "the leg theatres" are, metaphorically speaking, digging their own graves, like the nuns in Millais' famous picture, but with a difference. Where the nuns pile on the agony of linsey-woolsey, and carefully conceal every vestige of womanly beauty, our darlings of opera-bouffe and kindred institutions dispense, as far as possible, with encumbrances of costume. Freedom of action for the lower extremities seems to be the great idea; and no wonder, perhaps, under existing circumstances, for the delicate can-can is a necessity—a feminine version of the graceful "breakdown" is a concession which must be made to my lord in the stalls, and the commoner in the pit.

There is no disguising the fact that we have in our midst a certain number of theatres, where effrontery, fine figures, and pretty faces are

the sole stock in trade of the actresses, where the dreariest inanity is apologised for by scanty apparel, and where a value is set upon female beauty in direct proportion to the amount of it shown. This fact proves there is free thinking in matters theatrical as well as in other things, but the least conservative among playgoers will admit that we are going a little too far. If the interesting process of personal development progresses at the rate it has done of late, things must come to a climax; and in default of propriety waking up and rubbing her eyes, that most amiable of officials, the Lord Chamberlain, must be requested to return to the stage in the character of Hercules, and purify the Augean stables. What manner of lever is to be used for the lifting of the bedraggled Thalia out of the mud, it is impossible to say. Permissive Bills being in fashion, one might, perhaps, be prepared for the regulation of costume which has been getting "fine by degrees and beautifully less," till the entire outfit of a pretty little goddess of burlesque might almost be packed up in a large-sized envelope.

Easy-going moralists are pleased to say that abuses of all kinds find their level, and that the public taste, polluted to any extent, will purify itself. This may be, but the process of moral filtration is slow; and, in the meantime, our perception of the good, the worthy, and the true in dramatic art, is becoming clouded, to say the least. More than this, the sense of delicacy in the general community which, rather than not, the stage should cultivate, is blunted by means of the painful exhibitions common to "leg theatres," and is nothing less than discreditable to the times in which we live.

ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As one of the Directors of the Royal National Opera, I ask you to give me space for a refutation of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's statement, that the announcement of his name as one of the conductors is "erroneous and unauthorized." The plain facts are briefly as follows:—

On the 21st ultimo, at the Albert Hall, I saw Mr. Sullivan, explained to him the objects of the Royal National Opera, and asked him to allow his name to be announced as one of the conductors, and to promise that he would personally conduct a performance of one of his own works. At the same time I told him that the Directors hoped to obtain similar help from Sir Julius Benedict, but that the permanent conductor, Mr. Sidney Naylor, would superintend the preliminary rehearsals, so as to render the labour of helping as light as possible.

Mr. Sullivan replied that he "should feel bound to help such an undertaking, but that he had no opera ready." I suggested his opera, *The Sapphires Necklace*, but I found that there were difficulties in the way. I then suggested *Coz and Boz*, to be played on the same night as Sir Julius Benedict's *Year and a Day*. To this he immediately assented, but added that he was uncertain whether he would be in town in October. I rejoined that he would certainly be in town at some time during the season, and that, at all events, his convenience should be consulted in every way, and we would wait for the first date which would suit him. He replied, "Very well,—if you like to take your chance as to the date, I shall be happy to conduct." I then said, "I will not detain you any longer, but may I announce you with Sir Julius Benedict, in the list of conductors, leaving dates to be subsequently settled?" His reply was, "Certainly; but you must take your chance about the date."

With this brief narrative of facts before you, I leave you to judge whether the subsequent announcement of Mr. Sullivan's name was "erroneous and unauthorized."

Engaged as Mr. Sullivan was, on the occasion in question, in the arduous duties of conductor at an important concert, I am quite willing to excuse his deficiency of memory. But when a statement is made of a nature to discredit the *bona fides* of an important undertaking in which a large capital has been embarked by gentlemen of the highest respectability, I have no alternative but to give to that statement an immediate contradiction.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERRY HERSEE.

August 15, 1871.

TO SUTHERLAND TOM GRUNEISEN TAYLOR
OXENFORD EDWARDS, ESQ.

SIR,—As a proof of the importance of plain writing, I may mention that a literary friend has received, in the course of a single week, three letters as badly written as they could be. One enclosed a business address for his solicitor, which was so far from clear that the latter had to write to a third party, for which he had to pay 6s. 8d.; the second letter was from a would-be contributor, whose communication he had to return to the writer to be deciphered, as it puzzled himself and his whole household to make out a single word of it; the last letter, containing an invitation to dinner, addressed to him at Hampstead, was sent off to Hampton, and reached him by the last post after his friend's dinner was over. It is to be hoped that in our zeal for the new educational movement, the "three R's" of Sir William Curtis will not be altogether forgotten!

SIMON HALF.

ECHO IN MUSIC.

Any one who had anything that could be called musical experience or knowledge could not be but aware that, of all qualities in a music-room, a decided and perceptible echo is one of the most injurious to the effect of music. Of course, in a building with a redundant echo, certain very fine effects may incidentally be obtained, such as the reverberation and prolongation of the sound of the organ in some of our larger cathedrals; but that is not music,—it is simply a fine effect of sound, which affects our senses just in the same way as thunder and other impressive sounds. But as "music" consists not in mere noise, but in an appeal to our mind and feelings through the medium of a language formed by the union and sequence of sounds regulated in pitch and duration by fixed laws, it must be obvious that everything which tends to interfere with and confuse the original rhythmic and harmonic proportions of such sounds must be inimical to their effect. Some persons, of course (children especially), find more pleasure in listening to an echo than in attending to music, just as others like to look at an ivy-covered wall rather than at architectural detail; but to imagine that echo has anything to do with music, because it occasionally accompanies and obscures it, is just as rational as to say that ivy is an essential element of architectural design, because it often grows over buildings.

The object, in a large concert-room, is, or should be, to have such materials as will not swallow up or imbibe too much of the sound (though to have it strongly reflected is seldom desirable), but to arrange roof and walls in such a manner that the reflection of the sound shall be broken and dispersed, and not collected and localised in any one focus; which would cause to a certain portion of the audience a disagreeable and concentrated echo. For this reason, I should look on a semicircular or domical roof as one of the worst forms for a very large music-room, as it is sure to concentrate the echo, and make it disagreeably prominent at one point or another. Behind the performers let there be everything that can reflect the sound forward; and here a semicircular wall at the back may have a very good effect; but in the auditorium there should be nothing that can tend to concentrate the sound reflected from the wall on to any one point. That seems to be the common sense of the matter; not very scientifically expressed, certainly. It should be observed that the echo difficulty only applies to large halls; in smaller-sized rooms it may be left out of the question, as the echo has not space to develop itself so as to be heard at an appreciable interval after the original sound. Architects who are building concert-rooms would probably get more valuable hints from practical musicians than from acoustic theorists, who are not musicians, and who indulge in the wildest statements.—*Builder.*

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your correspondent who favoured the world at large with his valuable remarks upon *Anna Bolena* and opera in general, appears to have a somewhat hazy idea about the province of music. Music, in my idea, is, and always has been, the expression of the feelings through sound. As time elapsed, this sound became subject to rules, on account of civilization; for what is refinement but the subjugating of the passions to the laws of our spiritual nature? In instrumental works, whose range is, of course, the most inclusive, some abstract idea is generally the theme, which is incapable of the more definite treatment of words or impersonation; and, of course, very different emotions are produced by the same work on various dispositions. A poetically imaginative feeling is necessary for the enjoyment of a symphony, and works of that class wherein is embodied the great ideal of beauty, because they appeal to the heart; for a mere mechanical knowledge is not all that is requisite to enjoy them, as your correspondent seems to imagine, who would substitute the means for the end. Now in opera, when some actable-in-life (excuse the phrase) theme is musically treated of, in my idea the intellect is greatly appealed to—for in human life is our intellect chiefly brought to bear upon things which more nearly concern it, whereas in more divine subjects it is more or less conjecture which aways us. A romantic or noble episode in human life is the best subject for an opera, where each fine, passionate, or noble feeling should be expressed by feelingly characteristic music (surely here is ample scope for the largest intellect), which ought to engage the sympathy of the hearer, and produce a beneficial effect, as it surely must bring his finer emotions into play, which are dulled by the cold manners of every-day life. Who can listen to *Fidelio*, and such works, without despising the words of those who would degrade the lessons of the stage, which has lived from all antiquity, to a mere sensual after-dinner enjoyment?

With an apology for this trespass on your valuable space, believe me, yours truly,

JUSTITIA.

WIESBADEN.—The Meyerbeer Exhibition has been awarded to Herr J. Butts, of this place.

DRESDEN.—Madme. Krebs-Mehalesi has returned from America, but her daughter, Madlle. Mary Krebs, is still there, busily engaged in giving concerts.

REVIEWS.

I Said to my Love. Song. Words by MATTHIAS BARR. Music by G. A. B. BEECROFT. [London: Weekes & Co.]

WHAT did he say to his love? Simply this:—"What can I give to thee? Jewels, gold, birds, flower, or,—

"A song my heart utter'd long years ago,

When our feet kissed the daisied lea?

And the "love" replied—she was a very poetic love:—

"Aye, give me a song * * *

With a sweet and musical rhyme,

That will ebb and flow, like the sounding sea,

Through the measureless age of time;

A song that will live and be found in the heart

When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart."

We are not sure that such a song is before us, but, nevertheless, there is unquestionable merit in Mr. Beecroft's music, and that of a high order. The entire structure of the song is musician-like, and its progress is marked by all the freedom of a composer who is at home in the deep waters of his art, needing not to hold tight by the rope of his tonic and dominant keys. The treatment of the second verse is specially happy; but, indeed, the whole work shows a conscientious and skilful worker.

Adeline. Pensée pour Piano par A. CUNIO. [London: Weekes & Co.]

This piece consists of a melody for right hand, in A flat major, with arpeggio accompaniment; the theme being afterwards more or less brilliantly varied, and attended by an episode of much interest. There may not be a great deal in the work to distinguish it from many others of a like character, but it is attractive and entirely worthy the favourable notice of drawing-room amateurs.

Morn callest Fondly. Ballad. Sung by Miss E. Wynne and Miss R. Henderson. Written by CHARLES SWAIN. Composed by G. A. B. Beecroft. [London: Weekes & Co.]

The argument of this song is that "morn callest fondly" to a boy who, busy at his games, heedeth it not. At noon the boy is a man, and can only attend to "one loved form." Night comes, and the man, old and weary, heeds its call going out into the darkness to return no more. No better idea, or, for the matter of that, better verses than those of Mr. Swain, could a composer desire; and we are bound to say that Mr. Beecroft has made excellent use of the opportunity afforded him. His music, like that of the song noticed above, shows melodic power, and a degree of imaginativeness, combined with technical skill, which has produced the happiest results. We give the song our heartiest recommendation, and wish there were more like it.

The Fountain (La Fontaine). Words by J. R. LOWELL. Music by JANE MAYO. [London: Weekes & Co.]

THE words of this song are descriptive of the free, joyous, and beautiful life ever associated with the fountain, and the composer has shown herself able to catch and reflect their spirit. There is much brightness and glitter in the music, thanks to considerable fancy and variety, thanks also to a happily-chosen rhythm. We should not be at all surprised to find the "Fountain" become popular among amateur sopranos, especially as its difficulty is not in proportion to its effect.

Star Rays. Reverie. Composed by OLIVER CRAMER. [London: Weekes & Co.]

WITHOUT pretending to account for the name given to this *morceau de salon*, we may state that it is an *Andante affettuoso* in E flat major, with the usual episode in the dominant, which gives way for a resumption of the original theme. The piece is pretty, and by no means difficult—qualities well able to atone with the public for the absence of others less common.

GLADSTONE ON WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Gladstone, being unable to attend the Centenary Festival at Edinburgh, sent the following letter to Dean Ramsay:—

"My dear Dean Ramsay,—I wish I could convey to you adequately the regret with which I find myself cut off from any possibility of joining in the tribute to be paid to-morrow to the memory of the first among the sons of Scotland. He was the idol of my boyhood, and though I well know that my admiration is worth little, it has never varied; in his case, the feeling is towards the man as much as towards his works. Did we not possess a line from his pen, his life would stand as a true epic. I will not say I think him as strong in his modern politics as in some other points; but I do not find my general estimate of his great and heroic whole affected in the slightest degree by this point of qualified misgiving. If he is out of fashion with some parts of some classes, it is their misfortune, not his. He is above fluctuations of time, for his place is in the band of the immortals. The end of my letter shall be better worth your having than the beginning. A fortnight ago I visited Tennyson, and found him possessed with all the sentiments about Scott which your celebration is meant to foster.—In haste, &c.,

"11, Carlton House Terrace, August 8.

W. E. GLADSTONE."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TITCOMB THUMB.—We do not know Mr. Gladstone personally; we cannot say whether he is a musician or no, further than that he plays first fiddle in Downing Street.

Y?—*Because*, we suppose, he likes it, and finds it pay.

MAJOR DEEKS.—We are sorry for it, but we differ from you. We certainly never did, and never shall, think that

"Distance lends enchantment to the *few*."

In our opinion, it lends enchantment to the many. We are adverse to having around us a host of persons for whom we do not care a doit.

ENOPHILE.—You are wrong. Besides being the name of the wine so highly-prized by the epicure, who, at Rule's or the Albion,

"*Mediis jam noctibus ostrea mordet*,"

as Juvenal has it (by the way, some persons never "bite," they gulp, the bivalve) *Chablis* is a term of French legislation. It means the trees which are thrown down in a forest by the wind, or have fallen from old age and decay, or by the weight of the snow. It is applied, likewise, to any branches broken off from one or other of the above causes—and from the trees, of course.

BACHELOR.—*Hymen* and its derivatives have the first syllable short in the great majority of cases, though they sometimes have it long, as in Ovid's line.

"*Et subito nostras Hymen cantatus ad aures*."

Catullus makes it even long and short in the same line:

"*Hymen, O Hymenæe! Hymen, ades, O Hymenæe*;"

and—but, on second thoughts, why should we waste our time on Bachelor, who is, perhaps, not even a subscriber? If Bachelor wants to know any more about Hymen, he had better go and consult that divinity's officials. They are to be found—unless they have lately moved—in a block of buildings to which access is obtained through an archway on the right hand side of St. Paul's churchyard, by one proceeding Citywards. Gentlemen in white aprons, and with metal plates on their breasts, are always waiting about the archway, to afford visitors every information. One of their great peculiarities is the fact that from the redness of their countenances, combined with their white aprons, already mentioned, they all appear destined by nature to be publicans; and, strange to say, they are not outdone even by the real publicans themselves in the interest they evince in the licensing system.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

As you graciously considered my last batch of "gleanings" worthy the honour of print, I send you a few more, in the hope that they may be equally fortunate in escaping the limbo of the waste-paper basket. I am afraid they are not quite as replete with novelty and interest as an egg is—proverbially—full of meat; but they may be thought worth reading when published in the columns of the *Musical World*, just as a fly, if only lucky enough to be canonized in amber, ceases to be a nuisance, and is valued as a gem.

As you have been already informed, through a hundred different channels, Paris is resuming its wonted aspect. But there is one fact, which, as far as I know, no one has mentioned: the organ-grinders have returned in full force, and seem to have escaped the perils of the war in a marvellous manner. I say "marvellous," because I am astonished at the fact. Among the airs as regularly ground as coffee, are some by Meyerbeer, Mozart, and other barbarous Teutons. I fully expected that French patriotism would have mercilessly smashed all the organs on which

these compositions were set. Do not think I am joking. Certain papers absolutely attack M. Pasdeloup for playing at his concerts the music of Beethoven and other German masters. They have not yet hinted, it is true, that the Frenchman who reads Goethe, or Schiller, is a renegade, though there is no knowing what they will do. The general Parisian public, however, seem to be rather indifferent to these diatribes. Their national vanity has not quite annihilated their common sense, and, consequently, they still listen with pleasure to some of the most exquisite music ever written, though the genius who created it belonged to the nation of their hated foes. Seriously, can anything be more contemptible, and, at the same time, more ridiculous, than the conduct of these papers? The sacred domain of art has no geographical lines of demarcation. Like the sun, the moon, the stars, it belongs to the whole world indifferently. A nice theory this, of these precious papers, if carried out in its logical entirety. Why—to compare small things with little—do you, for one moment, suppose that, in case of England's unfortunately going to war with France, I should, supposing I could obtain it, deliberately eschew French brandy and take to British? At the risk of being considered by these high-minded French newspaper-writers meanly unpatriotic, I emphatically declare I should do no such thing.

Nothing is as yet settled about subsidising the Grand Opera. M. Thiers is too busy managing the Theatre at Versailles to think of any others. So the Grand Opera is obliged to go on at its own risk and peril, just like a theatre conducted by a mere commonplace private manager. I am glad to say the experiment bids fair to prove successful. The revival of *Faust* attracted excellent audiences, and introduced to public notice a young artist who would never have occupied his present position had some of the *gros-bonnets* of the lyric stage been as willing to put their shoulder to the public weal as he has shown himself to be. I do not hesitate to assert that M. Bouhy has made a hit as Mephistopheles. Without comparing him to his famous predecessor in the part, M. Faure—for are we not informed, on the very best authority, that "comparisons are odorous?"—I may state that he possesses a fine and sympathetic voice, and good training, together with the intelligence necessary for the due utilization of both. M. Gounod is particularly pleased, and has congratulated him personally. The subscribers, also, sent him a complimentary message after the third performance. The other artists are Mdle. Hisson, MM. Colin and Caron, all three of whom acquit themselves more or less laudably, while the band and orchestra are excellent. Among the novelties announced are *La Juive* and *Le Prophète*.

At the Opéra-Comique, *La Fille du Régiment* has been produced for the re-appearance of Mdle. Priolat. Melchisédec makes an excellent Serjeant Sulpice, and M. Coppel is an agreeable Tonio. M. Coppel, by the way, is one of four new comers—MM. Peschard, Idrac, Duchesne, and himself. M. Flotow's *Ombre* is promised.

A grand concert has been given at the Cirque in the Champs Elysées by Mdme. Thiers, for the benefit of the orphans of the army. M. Faure made his reappearance on the occasion. Among the other good Christians who gave their aid to earn ten thousand francs for the orphans were Mdle. Carlotta Patti and M. T. Ritter.

There is a talk of the Athénée re-opening with *Martha*, and of wishing to give *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*, but the management must first catch their hare, by which figurative expression I would imply that they must first obtain the consent of the Opéra-Comique and the

author. At the Gaité, they are preparing *Le Roi Carotte*, the grand operetta by Offenbach and Sardou, while, at the Folies Dramatiques, a work by Litolf is in rehearsal. At the Théâtre Lyrique M. Adolphe Maton has been appointed conductor.

All Auber's furniture has been brought to the hammer. The prices fetched were calculated to excite surprise, considering how people rave about the great *Maestro*. It only shows that there is a great deal of froth to be skimmed off before we get to the world's real meaning. One would have thought that even the oldest table, or the most rickety and ancient chest of drawers, that had once served Auber, would have excited eager competition, and realized what auctioneers call "a high figure." But the majority of those who attended the sale appeared to know little, and care less, about Tom Moore and "the scent of the roses," &c. Even the pictures, though, one would have thought, intrinsically valuable, were sold for prices calculated to call up a blush, aye, and make it answer the call, of the most hardened pot-boiler patron of art resident in that unsavoury thoroughfare, Wardour Street. For instance, a portrait of Mdle. Anna Thillon was knocked down for twenty francs. And who, think you, was the artist? No less famous a one than Horace Vernet! The purchaser was M. Du Locle, who has had the picture placed in the foyer of the Opéra-Comique. The same gentleman bought the portrait of Malibran, —by the same artist, mark you—for a hundred francs. A barometer carved by Auber's grandfather, an artist of his day, sold for one thousand three hundred francs, and a marble bust of Rossini, at the age of thirty, for eleven hundred. The chair in which Auber generally sat, and the desk at which he wrote so many masterpieces, fell to M. Ambroise Thomas. The musical library was disposed of in a number of small lots. The MSS. of Auber's different scores, and those of his unpublished compositions, were not offered for competition. The same is true of his favourite old spinnet.

Of course you are aware that several speeches were made at the deceased master's funeral. I subjoin an extract from that made by M. Alexandre Dumas:—

"Well, gentlemen, despite the fearful misfortunes which have befallen us in a year—for, at the time I address you, it is just one year since France declared war against Prussia—despite the cries which still re-echo in our ears; despite the wounds which are bleeding on all sides; despite the mourning which surrounds us; despite the place where we are; and despite the grave open at our feet, it is impossible for me to fix my thoughts any longer upon death, and it is the Dead himself who leads me back to hope and to life. He knows very well that we cannot grow old—he who was young for nearly a century; he knows very well now that we cannot die—he for whom death is only a definite admission to immortality. What a powerful argument in favour of the eternal regeneration of life is the constant regeneration of the life of Auber! He was to such an extent, in his person, his character and his talent, the very proof of life, that we have but to look before us and see him pass smiling, sprightly, and gay—gay with that delicate and noble gaiety which not only flashes from the mind, but beams from the soul. With good fortune of a kind rarer and more enviable than any other, this creator employed time without submitting to it, and he has ceased to dwell among men only to take a place for evermore in their memory, for there is not one of us who, when re-ascending the stream of his most remote reminiscences, cannot eradle each of those reminiscences in a melody of this happily inspired being, whose exhaustless vein has run for half a century through our existence like a streamlet issuing from a natural spring, a streamlet, at one and the same time, mirror and dew; freshness and song. What grief it has carried away in its murmurings! What smiles it has reflected; what secrets it has received; what sweet tears it has mingled with the rapid waters of that nothing could trouble the transparency! How many times has this Enchanter caused us to postpone to the morrow the cares of to-day, and, when the morrow has come, made us forget them altogether! Blessed be this art, sensitive, penetrating, and insinuating, which, instead of imposing itself violently on our thoughts, bends to the momentary state of our inward being; envelopes,

caresses, ravishes, and separates us gradually from the cares and anguish of reality. Glory and gratitude to the charming master, without predecessors comparable to him; without contemporary rivals; and, up to this time, without heirs in the style which he incarnated, which he created so to speak, and which he certainly fixed; to the master who has moved, delighted, ravished, and consoled an entire living generation, and who keeps in store the same emotions, the same joys, the same raptures, for generations still to be born, and who, we hope, will not need to be consoled! But we have wandered very far from death, as I foresaw we should; we will not return to it. Here death is vanquished. Gentlemen, the ancients said, when speaking of death: 'It is not, I am; it is, I am no more.' This was a poetical formula, but a pagan error. Death never exists when we do not will it shall. Man has an infallible means of conquering it: this is to seclude himself in his work and repose in his conscience. It is thus that Auber has conquered death, and compelled it, as a slave, to proclaim his name above time and space. Auber was laborious and conscientious. Work was his worship, his religion, his faith; he sacrificed everything to it. He imposed silence on his instincts; he rhythmized the beatings of his heart; he clipped the wings of his fancy; he disciplined his body; he placed all his living forces at the service of his thought, and permitted no temptation, however seductive for a man, to gain a durable hold upon him. He balanced himself physically, intellectually, and morally, granting the exigencies of his body only exactly as much as was needed to maintain the vigour and harmony of his brain. His genius was not made up only of divine inspiration, as those believe who wait for inspiration, instead of going forth to meet it; it was made up also of will; of perseverance; and of daily labour. Consequently, what perpetual freshness without affectation, without weakness, without trickery, uniting with infinite, and sometimes incomprehensible, happiness, all the graces of youth, and all the energies of mature age, to the serene and regular gravity of a long succession of well-employed years, so that we have never had to treat Auber as an old man, and never as a child either. He knew nothing of our indulgence or of our ingratitude, because he always enjoyed the respect of others and of himself. Those who judge men merely by the surface beheld in him an Epicurean, a philosopher, a man indifferent to everything; with reference to him as to Goethe, the word: egotist, has some time been pronounced. Without wife, without sons, without daughters, Auber really did appear to have escaped the burdens of the heart: but are they only burdens? Does he who renounces them for the purpose of devoting himself entirely to his labours, make a calculation or a sacrifice? the truth of the matter is, gentlemen, that Auber was a great and veritable artist, that is to say, one of the Elect, of whom others have need, but who have no need of others. Yes, he was devoted entirely to that superior kind of love which finds pleasure only in immaterial creation; in a word, he would not live again to live again eternally, except in descendants who cannot perish, in the works of his intellect, and this is the reason why the children whom he has left us, instead of weeping and lamenting, like ordinary children, were singing just now at his tomb!"

I have nothing to add this week, except that I remain,
yours truly,
GLENER.

WITH regard to the question at issue between Mr. Arthur Sullivan and the Royal National English Opera, we are informed that Mr. Sullivan was asked to superintend the production of one of his own pieces, and that he declined to give any definite promise of assistance, beyond stating that if he were in town he would have no objection to direct a performance of *Cox and Box*. It appears that the post of "conductor" to the undertaking was neither offered to nor accepted by Mr. Sullivan, and, therefore, the announcement of his name as such is clearly (to use his own words) "erroneous and unauthorized."

TO MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

MADAME,—A letter from the Baths of Pfäfers says, that on the night of the 23rd ult., the Tamina (that impetuous mountain stream which runs through Ragatz), swollen by the heavy rains which have lately fallen, burst its ordinary boundaries with such force as to carry away the town bridge and tear up the road for a distance of three hundred yards. A temporary bridge has since been constructed. The inhabitants fear that more damage may ensue, as, for a considerable distance, the ground is undermined by the torrent, and an extensive landslip is imminent. In September, 1868, a similar disaster occurred—the river bursting through the railway embankment, forming a gap more than a hundred feet in width, and destroying a considerable portion of the village.—Yours, Madame, respectfully,

Du P—.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"It is quite amusing," writes Herr Hauptman to Otto Jahn, "to see how the young men educated at our Conservatories compose pieces which are nothing but Mendelssohn from beginning to end, without their having the slightest idea that the materials are not their own. It is not as though we could occasionally say: Such and such a passage comes from so-and-so. No, it is all taken from the Mendelssohnian spring. Such youthful composers are like the caterpillars upon mignonette—as green as the plant on which they subsist."

A SHORT time since, as announced in the *Musical World*, Count Von Bismarck sent a thousand thalers to Herr Carl Wilhelm, the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein, with an intimation that the sum would, most probably, be continued annually. It is now stated that it is the intention of the German Government to bestow a similar amount, in the shape of a pension, on the widow and two surviving sons, Max and Ernst, of Max Scheckenburger, the author of the words which Herr Carl Wilhelm set to music. The elder son went through the late war with his regiment, the 1st Wurtemberg Infantry.

LONDON contains not a few bustling persons who have contrived to make themselves notorious, and whom it would not be easy, on account of their unblushing importunity and dexterous conduct of their own career, to prevent from foisting third-rate productions upon the boards. When they have written a play in blank verse, and in five acts, each one of which furnishes the opportunity for spectacular effect, they imagine themselves the heirs of Shakespeare. For a National theatre to maintain its character, such persons would have to be held at arm's length; and we are disposed to think that nothing short of a thorough understanding that no new drama should be put upon the stage save in a simple though, of course, handsome and tasteful manner, would be a sufficient safeguard against them.

In a very interesting article on the late Alexandre Dumas, published in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, the writer gives an improved version of the story of Dumas's description of himself at Rouen. He was asked, we are told, by a police official to state his profession, on which he exclaimed "Si je n'étais pas dans la ville où Corneille fut né, je m'appellerais auteur dramatique;" and this is said to have suggested to Mdlle. Déjazet (who, for the advantage of the anecdote, is supposed to have been travelling with Dumas), the following still more ludicrous declaration:—"Si je n'étais pas dans la ville où Jeanne d'Arc fut brûlée, je m'appellerais Pucelle." The truth, however, is that Dumas gave his celebrated description of himself in a law court, during a great literary trial. When he informed the judge that "were he not in the town where Corneille was born, he should call himself a dramatic author," the judge replied, as if to reassure him, "There are degrees in everything."

Why should not the Church of England have a "Book of Common Praise" as well as a "Book of Common Prayer?"—That question, often asked by devout members of the Church, has recently assumed a practical form, the Bishop of Winchester and Archdeacon Sandford having obtained the appointment of a committee with a view to the preparation of a Hymn Book, to be used in the congregations of the church. In London alone, besides the version of the Psalms by Tate and Brady, there are a score of Psalm or Hymn Books in use, and the number is on the increase. Some years ago the Hymn Book of the S. P. G. Society was thought High Church in tone; then came "Hymns Ancient and Modern," followed by Ritualist Hymn Books beginning with the "Hymnal Noted" and ending with the St. Alban's Hymnal. On the side of the Evangelical party, Canon Hall's compilation has been succeeded by Kemble's selection, by that of Mr. Bickersteth, by Dr. Miller's, and by Mercer's *Psalter*, used at St. Paul's as well as the Chapel Royal. In these are represented every shade of theology, from Toplady to John Wesley, from Pusey to Jowett. And the selected Hymns are frequently emasculated to suit sectional tastes. Toplady's "Rock of Ages" may be deprived of its Calvinism, and the metrical versions of the "Pange Lingua" may

have the eucharistic allusions toned down to suit English Protestants. But why should such chaos reign, when there is unity in prayer? High and Low, Ritualist and Broad, use one book of devotions—why not one book of praise? The difficulty is indicated in the existing confusion. Tastes and opinions differ so much as to suggest that there can be no common agreement. We think, however, the difficulty not insuperable. A committee fairly representing each party in the Church would arrive at a result satisfactory alike to Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Ryle, Canon Conway, and Bishop Temple. If earnest men take counsel, it is amazing how much unity will be found. Nor are we without practical test. Dissenters sing the hymns of advanced Churchmen as well as those of Evangelicals. Shall the Church of England be less Catholic than Dissent? Or is the unity which reigns in other acts to vanish when worship is associated with music?

THE agitation in favour of establishing what is called a National Theatre has advanced from the stage of speech-making to that of an organized committee, formed for carrying out the scheme of which Mr. Tom Taylor is one of the chief promoters. Mr. Taylor and his supporters see very clearly that one of the chief causes of the degradation of the stage is the low standard of taste among general audiences. A manager conducting his theatre with a view to profit must, of course, consult the inclinations of his audience, and hence it is inferred that the only way to establish a really creditable national theatre is to relieve it altogether of the character of a mercantile speculation. There is, no doubt, much truth in these views; but a theatre, whether supported by a subsidy or not, must still find audiences; and if it can find audiences, it is difficult to see why it could not be made to pay. State aid is in this country out of the question, and there is an unfortunate tendency to corruption in institutions dependent upon Government patronage. A model theatre which would at all times uphold a standard of true art would no doubt have a most beneficial effect, as an example both to the public and the players of what a theatre should be. But if funds for that purpose be required, they ought to be obtainable from private patrons. Is it, however, quite certain that there are not sufficient persons capable of appreciating a higher school of acting to afford support for such a theatre? In any way, the experiment has not yet been tried.

AN operetta in one act, words by Mr. J. Story, and music by Mr. C. Miry, was performed, the other day, in the Rotunda of the University, at Ghent, in presence of the authorities and the leading inhabitants of the town. The performers were the children of the charity schools; the object of the performance was a charitable object; and the title of the work *Het arme Kind*. The whole thing was a decided success, and the local critics were greatly delighted with the sweetly poetic feeling pervading the libretto. They were in raptures with a charming piece commencing: "Zouder vader, zouder moeder, zouder zuster, zouder broeder, dompel ik vertaten rond." Among the other gems—from a poetic point of view they were cited: "O! is't een droom?" "Wat zaalge stonden?" "Wat is het zoet te helpen," and "Een plicht is thans Kweeten." Some people fancy that Dutch can no more be poetical than Mynheer van Dunck could have played Hamlet. We have no doubt that Dutch, like the ugliest woman that ever lived, has its good points, though they may not be visible to the naked eye. For ourselves, though we are not profoundly moved by the beauties of the above extracts, which have too full a flavour of the Somersetshire dialect to please our palate, we entertain no doubt such beauties exist for a Netherlandish ear. "Because a man has a cold, it is absurd for him to assert roses have no fragrance." A Dutchman might say, on the present occasion: Quite true. The remark is unanswerable, and, therefore, we will believe that "Zouder vader, zouder moeder," etc., goes straight to every heart, not encephal in ignorance of the Dutch idiom, and that "O is't een droom," etc., is calculated to excite as much enthusiasm in Flemish hearts as Alfred Bunn's famous lyric commencing: "I dreamt that I dwelt," once awoke at Drury Lane.

It is interesting to observe the apologetic tone we adopt amid our own frivolities to the great spirits of the past who did their best to elevate our tastes, but failed. We cannot say to Sir Walter Scott how sorry we are that we prefer the modern

sensation novel to *Tea-hoe* or *Quentin Durward*; but, feeling that we are wrong, we do our best to atone for shortcomings by giving him a "centenary." There is nothing like a "centenary" to cover a multitude of sins. We neglect or ill-treat a genius until we drive him to the grave (after making the best bargain we can with him for the use of his brains during his lifetime), we then let his books lie on the shelf until they are covered with dust; but when, at the end of a century, the hotel-keepers and railway companies remind us of our duty, we think no indignation or trouble too great for the purpose of displaying our appreciation of one of whom we are "justly proud." As regards Shakespeare, who has failed in a competition with acrobats and ballet dancers, we are wisely attempting to commute his claims by paying down a lump sum to cover the loss sustained by the directors of a possible national theatre, owing to the limited audiences expected. The idea is a good one, for so long as Shakspeare's "Unlaid spirit" wanders about in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Leicester Square, we cannot give our full attention comfortably to the gorgeous spectacles we witness in those localities. The ghost of "something better" occasionally sends a shiver through our bones as we applaud the wonderful feats on the trapeze, or the activity of those ladies on the stage who, unlike King Agag, do not move "delicately." If we could have Scott and Shakspeare and a few other congenial spirits in London for a week, what a dinner we would give them at the Crystal Palace!

No man, who has ever occupied the attention of the public, dies at the present day, without a host of anecdotes immediately being put in circulation about him. It is, perhaps, rather superfluous to observe that some of these anecdotes are not quite as consistent with fact as would satisfy an uncompromising stickler for truth. For instance, we fancy we can detect a strong flavour of fiction about the following story, which we find in the columns of a foreign contemporary:—

Carl Anschütz, who died last December, at New York, was an enthusiast, for whom music was the be-all and end-all of existence. Whenever he had an opportunity of presenting the public with the work of any of his favourite masters, he completely disregarded, in his ardour, the rules which society imposes upon us all in our intercourse with the world. Even in the presence of Royalty, Anschütz could not change his nature. On one occasion, he had to direct a Court Concert, at Windsor. The Lord Chamberlain, or some other high official of the Royal Household, going up to him, remarked: "Herr Anschütz, where are your gloves?"—"In my pocket, my lord."—"Will you not put them on?"—"No, my Lord, I never conduct in gloves."—"But, Herr Anschütz—recollect—Her Majesty—you cannot conduct without gloves in her presence."—"Well, my Lord, if I can't, I can't," replied Anschütz, laying down his conducting-stick. Luckily, Prince Albert came up at the moment, and the noble Official explained the state of affairs to him. After hearing what he had to say, Prince Albert remarked, laughingly: "Oh, never mind, it is his way; I will make it right with Her Majesty."

This may be strictly authentic. All we can say is we never heard anything of it before; besides, it is not the custom at— but here is another anecdote in which one of the actors was equally Royal.

When the late King of Prussia was at Coblenz, he presented Herr Anschütz with a gold medal, as a mark of the high esteem in which he held the musician's talent. Herr Anschütz, of course, felt highly flattered, and, for the purpose of duly celebrating the event, proceeded with a number of friends to an hotel.—"How much is this worth?" he enquired, showing the Landlord the medal.—"Fifty thalers, at least," replied the Landlord.—"All right, then, send us up some wine, and pay yourself for it out of the medal."—At the next concert, Herr Anschütz appeared, of course, without his medal.—"What have you done with your medal?" enquired the King.—"I drank your health with it, your Majesty." The King appeared at first rather angry, but he soon smiled again, and patted the musician on the shoulder. He took very good care, however, not to give him another medal.

In consequence of the great interest always exhibited by the Leipzig public for Mozart's works, but more especially for his dramatic works, the manager of the Stadt-Theater has announced that, though so terribly disappointed by his "stars"—as stated in the *Musical World* of August 5th—he still intends giving performances in rapid succession of all this great master's operas. But he has wisely abandoned all idea of making the performances what are called "model performances,"—performances first, we believe, invented for the especial benefit of Herr Wagner, whose works

are far too sublime to be made the object of ordinary performances. The manager has determined to have nothing to do with "stars", though he might well have spared himself the trouble of coming to any such determination, as the "stars" had evidently first determined to have nothing to do with him. He means to rely entirely upon his own company, which he has rather suddenly discovered numbers in its ranks some of the best living interpreters of classical dramatic music. What a pity he did not remember, or if he did remember, that he did not act, more promptly upon the principle embodied in La Fontaine's words:—

"Ne t'attends qu'à toi seul."

However, better late than never. The performances, at present non-model, will commence on the 27th of the present month, and be continued up to the beginning of September. The operas will be represented in chronological order, as they were composed.

ORGAN RECITALS AT ALBERT HALL.

(From the "Choir.")

England at the present day seems to be almost overdone with what, for lack of a better word, we must term Amateurism. Scarcely a branch of the public service is there in which the professional element is not practically, even if it be not openly, ignored, and in the lesser things of the art world the same tendency is manifested. On all sides we see the man who has actually "learnt the business" quietly placed on the shelf to provide a post for the promoter of some novel theory or for an orator who has made the House of Commons believe that his executive ability is as powerful as his critical acumen, and thus it comes to pass that statecraft is put to shame by a wasted session, that War Office reform leaves it a difficult matter to bring together and virtual a handful of troops on the Berkshire Downs, and—worse than all—that ship after ship goes down or falls to pieces owing to the inevitable disagreements resulting from placing a landsman at the helm at Whitehall. When we see the *Times* giving a column of its largest type to the biting sarcasm of Mr. E. J. Reed's stricture on the naval policy of Messrs. Childers and Goschen, when the Crystal Palace refreshment contractors make Mr. Cardwell blush, in the same widely read journal, by offering to sustain his fainting troops on the field of sham battles, to which the irresolute civil commander-in-chief seems half afraid to lead them, we have, apart from all political bias, very fair grounds for saying that England is suffering from the too zealous actions of those who have once more proved the truth of the old adage that "great talkers are little doers."

But leaving the unhappy Premier to manage the rapidly decreasing body of his pupils at St. Stephen's schoolhouse, we may at no very great distance find another illustration of the truth of our opening statement by passing on to South Kensington, where the very bricks and mortar have an amateurish smell, and the outline of the building speaks decidedly of amateurish architecture. Under Mr. Cole, C.B., himself an amateur, we are well aware that much good has been done, although not always in the most satisfactory way. The "happy family," which seems to provide a numerous company of clerks and assistants presided over by the head of the clan—or perhaps we should say clique—with paternal care, has done its work, and under the shadow of the late Prince Consort's name, has obtained the Royal patronage, which we are inclined to believe it would have secured in no other way; but there is a limit to everything, and we question whether the time has not now arrived when the letting in of a little light and the asking a few pertinent questions may be of some value. One of these queries we propose for our readers' consideration in the present number, and if no answer comes from headquarters, we trust that the matter will not be allowed to rest until it is satisfactorily explained. We refer to the musical arrangements, and especially the organ performances, at the Albert Hall.

It is, of course, very natural that the public should expect that in a building prominently dedicated to the popularization of good music, musicians should be consulted as to the most important details, and that those who have made the art the study of their lives, should not be thrust aside. In saying this we by no means wish to undervalue amateur work, and amateur performances, but regarding the Albert Hall as a national building, erected from funds subscribed by the general public, we have a right to ask that all its arrangements shall be conducted on a basis which will bear investigation. But what do we find to be the case? It is reported that the selection of organists for the public performances, and some other musical arrangements, are in the hands of the Hon. Seymour Egerton, who is stated to have already drawn up the list of performers for the recitals up to the end of the season. Now accepting this as a fact, and until Lieut.-Colonel Scott or Mr. Cole con-

tradicts it we shall do so, we do not hesitate to express our opinion that such a proceeding is most unwarrantable.

That Mr. Egerton is a good musician, no one who has heard the Wandering Minstrels play under his beat is likely to question; but we have yet to learn that he possesses any special knowledge of organs or organists, as would qualify him for the all-important task which it is understood has been assigned to him. When we have in England a College of Organists well fitted through its council to take the lead, or at any rate to offer advice on such matters, it seems a strange course thus to ignore the institution altogether, and even if it had been decided not to consult a corporation, common sense would have dictated the calling in of some of the recognized leaders of the profession as a committee of reference. With men like Mr. Best, Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Spark, and the professors of the four universities to the front, we can scarcely understand the motives which induced the authorities to pass them by, or which justified Mr. Egerton in undertaking a duty for which, by comparison, he must admit himself to be so little suited. If any explanation can be given, we shall be happy to open our columns to it; but under such auspices we confess we can scarcely look forward to the prospect with satisfaction. If the case is as we have stated, the sooner the details are published the better, as the interest excited on the Continent and in the Colonies with reference to what was expected to resolve itself into an international congress of organists at the Albert Hall is so general, that if the scheme falls through, or is badly managed, the blame ought to be laid on the right shoulders.

As our readers are well aware, we are no blind partisans of professional musicians in opposition to the interests or the claims of amateurs; but in a case like this, where the musical reputation of the nation is at stake, we are of opinion that the best qualified judges in the country ought to be consulted. The Society of Arts' concerts at the same place have reflected but little credit artistically on their promoters, and have done but little to promote the object for which they were ostensibly given, and if nothing better is to result from the organ recitals, of which we have heard so much, it will only prove once more that high patronage and fulsome newspaper paragraphs and advertisements are not the only requisites for success. We would fain hope, however, that in a matter of such importance wiser councils will yet prevail, and that either Mr. Egerton will voluntarily retire, or that the authorities will see the mistake they have made and proceed to rectify it.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

Upon the completion of Mr. Willis's organ at the Albert Hall we were promised a series of performances by professors of high standing both British and foreign. To what extent this promise has been fulfilled we purpose now to point out. In the first place, the inaugural performance was given nearly a month ago, yet the sole representative of our native professors has been Mr. W. T. Best. It is hardly necessary to state that a better could not be found, nor that the most refined taste could take the least exception to any part of Mr. Best's ten or twelve programmes. Nevertheless, England can boast of other performers of deservedly high repute, men who have in some cases made a certain branch of the art their "speciality." Will the London amateurs and the foreign visitors to the Exhibition have no opportunity of hearing the renowned improvisations of one professor, or the equally celebrated fugue playing of another, before the season quite dies out, and no auditors are left for any music but the dash of the waves on the shingle, or the sound of the wind through the pine branches? To this extent the Council has failed to fulfil its organ programme. Another part of the scheme, however—the presentation of foreign organ-players—has been carried out to the letter if not in the spirit. Recitals have been given by Mr. G. W. Heintze, from the Conservatorium, Stockholm, by Herr Johann Löhr, of Peth, and by Herr Anton Brückner, court organist at Vienna. Of these performances it may be said that, if they failed to satisfy the critic, they must have gladdened the heart of the true born Briton. Unfortunately in England artistic sympathies cannot always blend with patriotic feelings, but we confess to have experienced emotions of thankfulness, not to say glorification, at hearing a performance by Mr. Best at 3 o'clock, after attending a recital by one of his continental rivals at 12. Modest mediocrity may be briefly passed over—we advert, therefore, no more definitely to Mr. Heintze or Herr Löhr, but the playing of Herr Anton Brückner deserves a word or two. We were advised by the official programme that Herr Brückner's "strong points were classical improvisations on the works of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn." We were, therefore, not altogether unprepared to find that the playing of Mendelssohn's No. 1 sonata was a "weak point," and such indeed was the case. It is only charitable to suppose that Herr Brückner had not the advantage of a previous trial of the organ, especially as he evinced rather more control over the instrument in his succeeding improvisations. But in the course of our struggles after musical experience we have been present at more than one competitive performance for a church organistship; to the exhibi-

tions of certain of the candidates there, may be likened more or less the recitals of the eminent foreign professors at the Albert Hall. We trust the authorities will not disregard these remarks—that they will bring forward some of our good English organists, and a more careful selection from those eminent in other countries.

(From the "Orchestra")

Now that the great organ in the Royal Albert Hall has been completed and certificated, it is put into daily requisition, and at the performances thereupon at twelve and three o'clock the people leave off sight-seeing and go into the Hall to be regaled with the results of Mr. Willis's skill in organ-building. The advertisement of the Royal Commissioners, offering a fee of fifty pounds to any foreign organist of mark and merit for eight days' performance, has secured us an exhibition of the talents of Herr Heintze, from the Conservatorium of Stockholm, Herr Johann Löhr, of Peth, Herr Anton Brückner, Court-Organist at Vienna, and M. Mailly, from Belgium.

The German organist is by birth and education a pedal organist, although in Germany until these recent times the playing of Sebastian Bach's pedal compositions for the organ was a rarity. In the early part of this century the only man famous for the Bach pedal playing was John Schneider, of Dresden; and had John Schneider visited England in 1820, his performances would have been looked upon as next to impossible. But the simple-minded artist was told there were no pedal organs in England—a fact which could not be denied—and he remained in Dresden, happy in a beautiful organ by Sibermann, and content with the approbation of all Germany. But when the Exeter Hall organ was fashioned into the large thing that it is, and the late Mr. Stammers became a speculator in the chances of the celebrated "Wednesday Evening Concerts" in that place, seeing the organ silent and useless, he seized the idea of importing John Schneider and sitting him down at the Exeter Hall organ, to give all London an opportunity of hearing the eminent German organist, and the way in which Bach's pedal music ought to be played. John Schneider of course knew nothing of England, nothing of the Exeter Hall organ, and nothing of the tastes of the public. He was great in what was then called "extemporaneous" performance, but in these days we say "improvisation." John sat himself down before the organ duly to improve the occasion, and all the organists in London were gathered to take the lesson. John's Preludium was of no ordinary length, his theme was unobtrusive and rather common-place—a matter of no consequence to John, because he could talk musically upon any subject—and he found so much to say upon his well-worn text, that ten minutes passed and there seemed no prospect of the appearance of the Fugue. The audience got restless. There was a murmured buzz and suppressed chatter on all sides, and John was told he should play his Fugue and use as much counterpoint in as short a time as possible. John shook his head and said, "These things must not be hurried." Five minutes elapsed, and John entered upon his Fugue, a short, stern, solid theme, one which would evidently be supported by two, if not three, counter-subjects, and would travel up and down, inverse and reverse, in quarter-time, half-time, in double and double-double time. Five minutes more, when John, who had been doing the playful in the diminishing and augmenting business, began the more solid stuff of the counter-themes. John took up a splendid roll upon the pedals, and displayed his skill in the embroidery of suspensions. It was no dapper inter-twiddling, after the fashion of the late Thomas Adams, but a thing of length and breadth, and requiring time on the part of the organist, and patience on the part of the audience. But the audience had already exhausted their stock of the latter article, and there were cries on all sides, "Enough," "Leave off," "That will do," "Cut it short." But John kept true to his text, himself, and his country. The greater the noise, the more persistently did John trample on the pedals, as though he thus there and then trampled on his enemies. Now there was a general cry for "Mr. Stammers," and Mr. Stammers came forward as his interpreter, and bowing his best to the great organist, "hoped he would defer to the strongly-expressed wishes of the audience, and conclude as quickly as possible." John replied, "I have just begun the third subject, and then there is the *stretto*, and I may have a *coda*." Mr. Stammers, prudently blinking the entrance of the third subject, announced that all would shortly be over, for there was only the *stretto* and the *coda* remaining. Then came a universal shout of laughter and a little patience, or rather a lull, which lasted but for a minute. Now followed cries for the "*coda*," but John was in all the throes of his *stretto*, and heard nothing else: his eyes and his ears were lost to the outer world, and in vain did Mr. Stammers entreat and gesticulate. At last one of the committee, more practical and less polite than the impresario, reached up and seized the coat-tails of John. Had they not been stitched on by some honest German tailor they had certainly given way. All to no purpose, for by this time John had got to the *coda*, and a terrific *coda* it was. It was hailstones and rain, with "fire mingled with the

hail." The organ shivered and quivered, and bellowed and groaned. One-half of the audience were shouting with laughter, and the other screaming their topmost, crying "Seize his hands! Hold his legs! Off with his boots! Off with his head! Stop him! Stop him!" Hereupon the wretch who had pulled his coat-tails seized a foot, Mr. Stammers caught at one arm, an assisting friend took possession of the other, and the three fairly lifted John from his seat. The audience having gained their end, for very shame gave forth the most extraordinary burst of applause ever heard. John was cheered till the roof rang again, he bowing the while with all the complacency of one fully satisfied with himself and all the world.

The only person not altogether pleased was Mr. Stammers, who had engaged Herr Schneider for a series of performances for which he paid. But they never took place. The sensational pedal playing of the Chevalier Neukomm, and the neat, classical, and marvellous pedal playing of Felix Mendelssohn, had destroyed all interest in the quiet, unobtrusive method of John Schneider.

Since the episode of Schneider, many well-known German organ players have visited London and given the connoisseurs a taste of their quality, among whom was the well-known Hesse; but these performances have ever been comparatively secret or unknown, from the want of a large pedal organ located anywhere but in a church. Now, however, we have the organ, and it would seem we are to hear the foreign organists. The first who has played was Herr Heintze, of Stockholm, a young man still in *stata pupillari*. He executed some of the masterpieces by Sebastian Bach, some of the sonatas by Mendelssohn, some fugues and fantasias by Topfer, Merkel, Hesse, Kohler, Kuhnstedt, Markul, and others of the modern German school. His performances were marked by much truth and considerable precision; but he failed in that iron, *staccato* touch which is essential for clear part-playing in the Albert Hall. Mendelssohn could make every note of the Grand Prelude and Fugue in A minor, by Bach, thoroughly intelligible on the organ in St. Paul's Cathedral—a bad organ, and utterly unequal to the proper rendering of such a composition; but Mendelssohn did this. It was all weak and puny, because the organ was weak and puny; but it was plain, and all to be understood.

Now the echo in the Royal Albert Hall is mere nothing to the echo in St. Paul's Cathedral, and no more than is proper to a building of its size. There is no reason why every note played upon the organ in the Hall should not be as transparent as light. If it is not so, the fault lies with the player, and not in the place. Of course, any organist, however celebrated, is heard with great disadvantage to himself at a strange organ; and the faults of Herr Heintze must be attributed to his inexperience and his want of familiarity with the details of so large an organ.

In Herr Johann Lohr, of Pesh, we meet with a good musician and a player of considerable power. He is a combination of the new and the old schools. He gave us extracts from the symphonies of Liszt, marches by Chopin, songs by Schubert, pieces by Gottschalk, Markul, Pitoch, and many others, interspersed with compositions by Beethoven and Mozart, together with the more distinctive organ music of Handel and Bach. Herr Lohr has great executive capabilities, and his ambitious attacks on the sonatas of Beethoven, and more especially so on the monstrous vagaries of the Abbé Liszt, proved in the end more astonishing than pleasing. He suffered from the same disadvantages as Herr Heintze, and certainly did not meet the requirements of the Hall, nor those of the instrument. There was much good playing, but nothing perfect. The only way to play a great organ, is to play just so much of it as the player has been accustomed to handle. A man accustomed to manage fifty stops must not plunge at once into the *mêlée* of a hundred; he must select the fifty with which he is familiar, and increase his catalogue by degrees. But he must first use his fifty in accordance with the exigencies of the place; the Royal Chapel at Dresden is not the Royal Hall at Kensington, nor is the Royal Hall at Kensington our Cathedral of St. Paul's. Each place requires its own treatment, its own peculiar mode of playing.

The Court Organist of Vienna, Anton Bruckner, was third at the organ, and announced specially as great in "extemporaneous performances." We were told that "Herr Bruckner's strong points are classical improvisations on the works of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn." He has given us a grand extempore Fantasia, which, although not very original in thought or design, was clever, remarkable for its canonic counterpoint, and for the surmounting of much difficulty in the pedal passages. There can be nothing said extemporaneously upon the National Anthem of Austria, and still less upon the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel; nor do we think any improvisation with any effect can be given upon the *toccatas* of Bach, or the Sonatas of Mendelssohn. Great composers exhaust their themes. Nothing can be added to the Hallelujah Chorus, nothing to a *toccata* of Sebastian Bach.

Mr. Best has been playing three times a week, and is so to do until the close of the Exhibition. In the making up of his programmes, he

has been gradually paying more attention to the wishes of the public, and he now gives his audience operatic overtures, operatic selections, some of the French Offertoire music, and the Handel Organ Concerto. These selections are more satisfying to English ears, and Mr. Best commonly retains an audience. The French Offertoire music, although an abomination in a church, is good to play in the Royal Albert Hall. As an artistic construction it is new and curious, and one to which the German organists seem quite unfamiliar; but it is the one "great fact" that has grown out of the new organ invented by Cavaillé Collé of Paris, and well deserves repeated hearings from the new organ.

We presume that when the foreign organists have been heard, the way may be opened to English talent. There are in England many good organ players, and there are some few pre-eminent among the foremost in Europe. There is in this metropolis a young lad who, to use the Duke of Wellington's opinion of his army, can (on the organ) "go anywhere, and do anything." There is also an older and more experienced head who, we believe, would be listened to on the part of all foreign organists with wonder and astonishment. But he won't play.

W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard left London on Thursday morning, to fulfil various engagements in Germany.

Mr. Charles Oberthur has left London for Germany.

Mr. Max Strakosch leaves Liverpool this day for New York.

Mr. Maurice Strakosch has returned to London from Paris.

The company of the Bouffes-Parisiens is, we understand, being reconstituted, under the direction of MM. Offenbach and Jules Noriac.

Miss C. Rossetti has at press a nursery rhyme-book; it is to be called "Sing-Song."

The veteran, Charles Mathews, was at St. John, New Brunswick, on July 10th. He is getting towards home again by degrees.

Miss Rose Hersee sailed from New York on the 5th inst., and is expected in London this week.

Mr. George Osborne's three-act opera *Sylvia* is likely to be produced at the St. James's Theatre in October next.

Mr. Henry Drayton having completely recovered, is announced to sing at a concert in the United States this month.

Signor Foli has left London for a tour through Switzerland, via Paris, accompanied by his *Cara Sposa*.

Mr. Jarrett has returned from Paris, and leaves for New York, by the *Scotia*, on Saturday next.

The organ of Leeds Parish Church is now undergoing repair, and the daily choral service, including the anthems, is sung without accompaniment, the voices being heard to great advantage.

Mrs. Handysford, of Spring Bank, Whaley Bridge, near Stockport, has just set a good example to the ladies by presenting a fine organ to the new chapel (in the parish of Taxall), where she attends.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis has, we are informed, a volume on music—consisting of four books, philosophical, biographical, instrumental, and critical—in the press.

Mr. Hastings, under whose direction "Shadows and Charms" was first produced, has taken the Charing Cross Theatre, which was opened on Monday.

Bernal Osborne, or somebody else, says the Ballot Bill is bad, and the Army Bill ditto; but the worst of all the Government Bills is "Bill Gladstone."

Sir. W. Sterndale Bennett left London on Thursday morning for Bonn, where he has been specially invited by the Committee, to be present at the Beethoven Festival.

"A Belgian paper repeats the *on dit* that M. Gounod is going to settle permanently in London, and to establish there a *Conservatoire* of music." [We do not believe there is any foundation for this *on dit*.—Ed.]

Miss Emily Soldene is continuing her successful tour in the provinces. On her return she will reappear at the Philharmonic Theatre, for which place a new burlesque is preparing by the authors of "Nightingales' Wooing."

Mr. Whitney, the principal bass of the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, U. S. A., will make his first appearance in England at M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, this evening, Saturday, 19th.

The *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter* states that the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland have decided to admit the Tonic Sol-fa method and notation, on equal terms with the old notation, for use in the National Schools, and that classes taught on either system will, as in England, be placed on the same footing as regards grants.

Sir Julius Benedict's *Un Anno ed un Giorno* is being translated and adapted for the English operatic stage, and will be produced in the course of the ensuing season of the Royal National Opera Company, under the personal direction of the composer.

We (*Orchestra*) hear good accounts of Miss Violette Colville, who is studying singing at Leipzig. She recently sang at a private musical party given by the Abbé Liszt at Weimar, and was highly praised by the Grand Duke, and by the Abbé, who accompanied her in three songs. Her voice is said to resemble that of Malibran.

Mr. Henry Schroeder, the director of the American Conservatory of Music, proposes to award a prize of fifty dollars and the honorary membership of the Conservatory to the composer of the best "Anthem" for mixed quartet with organ accompaniment, the text selected by the composer. It must be suitable for use in churches.

Great consternation was occasioned at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, on the occasion of the reopening for the regular season. The Theatre Royal has been undergoing improvements, and a good house was present. Just at the termination of *Blow for Blow* a portion of the scenic properties, including the heavy roller and drop-scene, came down, only just missing three or four actors and actresses, who must have been killed if struck. Fortunately, no one was hurt.

His Holiness Pope Pius IX. has been pleased to confer his special Papal blessing on Mr. James L. Molloy for the cantata composed on the occasion of the late Pontifical jubilee. A similar blessing has been conferred on the Rev. Canon Oakeley, M.A., the author of the words, and on all those who took part in the pantomime. This extends to eight of the little Temple choristers who aided in sustaining the soprano parts.

Mr. Walter Montgomery was presented by Mr. St. Leger with a valuable cabinet portrait, painted on oak panel (in a handsome frame, encased in mahogany), of Louis the Eleventh, on the 15th instant, on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. The portrait, which is supposed to be about three hundred years old, was given as a *souvenir* of the donor's high appreciation of Mr. W. Montgomery's performance of Louis the Eleventh.

Mlle. Giulia Tagliafico, the daughter of Signor Tagliafico, one of the oldest and most respected members of the Royal Italian Opera Company, was married last week to M. John Oller, of Paris. The bridesmaids were Mlles. Rita di Candia (the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Signor Mario, Count of Candia), and Miss Netty Rolt. Signor Mario and others of the Italian artistes, who were still in London, were present at the ceremony.

Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, who was present at the Grand Banquet given in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, on the occasion of the Scott Centenary Commemoration, sang, writes the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, "with splendid effect the song written for the occasion by Mr. Ballantyne. Mr. Kennedy, who was in fine voice, was *encored*, and repeated the verses. At the conclusion the audience rose, and cheered very heartily, and on a call from some of the audience, a hearty cheer was given for the author."

At the Scott Centenary Celebration at the Crystal Palace, Messrs. Henderson, Rait, and Fenton, the well-known printers, exhibited a portrait of Constable, the original publisher of Walter Scott's works; a portrait of Scott, after Sir Henry Raeburn; a pair of bell-pulls from Scott's bedroom at Abbotsford; some interesting MSS. by Scott, Ballantyne, and Constable, all framed in wood grown on the Abbotsford estate; also, a portrait of the late John Wilson, Scottish vocalist and operatic singer. Wilson began life as an apprentice in the printing-office of Ballantyne & Co., and ultimately became "press reader." When the *Waverley* novels were "in the press," and the authorship a guarded secret, Wilson, then a boy, was entrusted with the conveyance of "proofs" to and from Scott. Before and after entering upon his public career as a vocalist, Wilson enjoyed the warm friendship and esteem of Sir Walter.

The theatres are shutting up, and right glad I am of it. Were I Lord Chamberlain, not a playhouse should be open in the dog-days. I consider it no small hardship to have to go in and out of the delicious light and air of these August evenings to the stuffy interior of a theatre. Fancy being close to a glaring row of footlights for hours, with a blazing sun-burner beating down upon your head, and, perchance, a trombone blowing hot notes into your very face. These are some of the trials of a dramatic critic. I do think that if theatres do keep open this weather, they should give us cool pieces. Fancy going to see *Notre Dame*, with actually a fire scene in it; or *Joan of Arc* at the stake! Why doesn't some manager revive *The Frozen Deep*, and *Cool as a Cucumber*? I believe a spectacular piece, founded on Captain Parry's voyages, with real ice, supplied by the Wenham Lake Company, would be an immense success. To be preceded by the farce of *To Iceland and Back for Five Pounds*; and concluding with a *Snow-flake* ballet. I charge nothing for the idea.—*Figaro*.

Miss A. Thelan, aged 18, a music teacher, living at Belper, Derbyshire, sued the Midland Railway Company last week for injuries sustained in a collision at Little Chester Junction on the 9th of November last. It was stated that her brain and spine were affected and her reason was almost gone. The jury returned a verdict in her favour for £850.

The choir surplices at Tamworth parish church were missing on Sunday week. After diligent search, the garments were discovered in a water-tank over the vestry. Whether they were placed there by some one opposed to a surpliced choir, or by some practical joker who thought "that they would be none the worse for a washing," we are unable to determine.

M. Rivière's "grand instrumental and vocal promenade concerts" are announced to commence this evening (19th August), at Covent Garden Theatre. The orchestra is to be on a scale of unusual completeness, and to include the majority of the most reputed instrumental performers; their strength and efficiency are to be displayed in classical works, as well as in operatic selections. Special nights are to be set apart for the performance of the works of Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn; and the programme is to be varied by compositions of a lighter character. The band will include one hundred performers, selected from the Italian Operas, the Grand Opera and Opera Comique of Paris, &c.; and arrangements have been made with solo executants of European reputation. Each week will be distinguished by popular, miscellaneous, classical, and ballad nights; whilst on one evening the first part of the programme will be devoted to sacred music of high character.

BADEN.—Herren Nicolaus Rubinstein, Laub, and Cossmann, were to give a series of three *Matinées* for Chamber music, on the 7th, 11th, and 21st inst. Two, therefore, if nothing unforeseen has happened, will have already come off before this meets the eye of our readers.

PESTH.—The Hungarian National Theatre will shortly be reopened, after having remained closed for nearly two months. Herr von Flotow's *Ombre* is already in rehearsal. Herr Richter, who took so prominent a part in the *Rheingold* business at Munich, has been appointed conductor, though he will not enter on the duties of his office before the 1st January next, or, perhaps, even not before the 1st April. At present he is residing at Speising, near Vienna, where he is preparing for the press Herr R. Wagner's *Nibelungen* score.

COPENHAGEN.—Herr Gungl has visited this capital with his celebrated band. After giving eight performances, he has proceeded to Stockholm.—It is reported that M. Neruda, who, for some years past, has filled the position of second violoncellist at the Theatre Royal, will be appointed solo player, in consequence of the death of M. Rauch.—The committee for building the new Theatre Royal have selected the plans of two Danish architects, MM. Dahlerup and Petersen.

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